Come heere to day?
Salerio. My Lord, heere ſtayes without,
a meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
new come from Padua?
Duke. Bring vs the letters? call the Meſſenger?
Baſſ. Good cheere *Anthonio*? what man, courage yet:
The Iew ſhall haue my fleſh, blood, bones and all,
ere thou ſhalt looſe for me one drop of blood?
Antho. I am a tainted vveather of the flocke,
meeteſt for death, the weakeſt kind of fruite
drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me;
You cannot better be imployd *Baſſanio*,
then to liue ſtill and write mine Epitaph?

Enter Nerriſſa.

Duke. Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?
Ner. From both? my L. *Bellario* greetes your grace?
Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?
Iewe. To cut the forfaiture from that bankrout there?
Gratia. Not on thy ſoule: but on thy ſoule harſh Iew
thou mak'ſt thy knife keene: but no metteall can,
no, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keenenеſſe
of thy ſharpe enuie: can no prayers pearce thee?
Iewe. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gratia. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let iuſtice be accuſd;
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me wauer in my faith,
to hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
that ſoules of Animalls infuſe themſelues
into the trunks of men: Thy curriſh ſpirit
gouern'd a Woolfe, who hang'd for humane ſlaughter,
euen from the gallowes did his fell ſoule fleete,
and whileſt thou layeſt in thy vnhallowed dam;
infuſd it ſelfe in thee: for thy deſires
are vvoluiſh, bloody, ſtaru'd, and rauenous.
Iewe. Till thou canſt raile the ſeale from off my bond,
Thou but offendſt thy lungs to ſpeake ſo loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall

to cureleſſe ruine. I ſtand heere for law.
Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
a young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
to know your anſwer, whether youle admit him.
Duke. With all my hart: ſome three or foure of you
goe giue him curteous conduct to this place,
meane time the Court ſhall heare *Bellarios* letter.

Your Grace ſhall vnderſtand, that at the receit of your letter I am very ſicke; but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in louing viſitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is *Balthazer*: I acquainted him with the cauſe in cõtrouerſie between the Iew and *Anthonio* the Merchant; wee turnd ore many bookes together, hee is furniſhed with my opinion, which bettered vvith his owne learning, the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunitie, to fill vp your graces requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you let his lacke of yeeres be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend eſtimation, for I neuer knew ſo young a body with ſo olde a head: I leaue him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe tryall ſhall better publiſh his commendation.

Enter *Portia* for *Balthazer*.

Duke. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
and heere I take it is the doctor come.
Giue me your hand, come you from old *Bellario*?
Portia. I did my Lord.
Duke. You are welcome, take your place:
are you acquainted with the difference
that holds this preſent queſtion in the Court.
Por. I am enformed throughly of the cauſe,
vvhich is the Merchant here? and which the Iew?
Duke. *Anthonio* and old *Shylocke*, both ſtand forth.
Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?
Iew. *Shylocke* is my name.
Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſute you follow,
yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law